THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 168.

'Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

THE tendency of my Hundred and Fifty-fifth paper has been censured by a writer who subscribes himself Hortensius, on the ground that the principle I am there assiduous to inculcate is that of secrecy in those young men who, to quote, however reluctantly, the language of this moralist, 'have passed moments of rapturous emotion, in tender dalliance with the other sex.' I am not the first who has been represented as the teacher of doctrines that never were within his view; and it was not, therefore, with much impatience that I saw the publication of this misconception of my sentiments. I was even pleased with the advertisement it conveyed to me, that, by some unfortunate ambiguity of phrase, I had exposed myself to the danger of misleading those whom I had been willing to set right; and I resolved on doing so much justice to myself and my reader, as to attempt a more intelligible exposition of my real ideas. On recurring, however, to the paper in question, I find it impossible for me to admit, without an affectation of candour, that the construction of Hortensius is at all warranted by my words; and I have only to beg the favour, of those who shall think an explanation desirable, that they will refer to what I have already written.

MR. SAUNTER,

HOWEVER indefensible most of Dr. Johnson's criticisms on the *Bard* may be, they constitute in this respect a fairer analysis than that of the *Progress of Poesy*, that they include a review of the poem as a whole, and are not, like the latter, confined to verbal and particular objections. Of the critique on the *Bard*, so much as refers to it as a whole has already been considered, with the exception of a technical remark, that *the stanzas are too long, especially the epodes*, and on which, I confess, I am not prepared to give an opinion. What follows, belongs to the thoughts and composition of particular stanzas or verses; and, though it was not my first intention, to confront, as in my examination of the *Progress of Poesy*, each stanza with the accusing observations of Johnson, and the eulogiums and apologies of Wakefield and Mason. I proceed, therefore, to transcribe the first:

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
'Confusion on thy banners wait!
'Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
'They mock the air with idle state!
'Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
'Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail,
'To save thy soul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As, down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side,
He wound, with toilsome march, his long array:
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast, in speechless trance;
'To arms!' cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

The objections of Dr. Johnson are already before you; the opinions of Mr. Wakefield and the critic quoted by Mr. Mason, as to the abruptness of its commencement, I shall proceed to insert:

'The tumultuary haste of this exordium,' says the first, 'and the unknown tendency of the enraged prophet's denunciation, rouse the attention, and lead it to expect great things: nor will the sequel disappoint it. Here is no transient flash of poetical enthusiasm, that vanishes in smoke; but an unremitting blaze of splendour.'

'On this noble exordium,' says Mr. Mason, 'the anonymous critic, before mentioned, thus eloquently expresses his admiration: "This abrupt execration plunges the reader into that fearful perplexity which is designed to predominate throughout the whole. The irresistible violence of the prophet's passions bears *him* away, *who*, as he is unprepared by a formal ushering in of the speaker, is unfortified against the impressions of his poetical phrenzy, and overpowered by them, as sudden thunders strike the deepest." All readers of taste, I believe, have felt this effect from the passage; they will be well pleased, however, to see their own feelings so well expressed as they are in this note.'

Of the verse beginning, *To save*, &c. Mr. Wakefield observes, 'This line certainly has not an equal vigour with the rest of the stanza; and the first epithet at least is trite and feeble.'—*Wild dismay*, says Mr. W. is 'a bold and poetical expression, conveyed in a just and consistent metaphor, descriptive of the physical effects of sound, which disperses and propagates itself in every direction from the sounding body as its centre.'

In the succeeding stanza, the author of the *sounds* is introduced, and his voice heard again, not in the rage of execration, but the settled tone of indignant grief:

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes, the Poet stood,
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, in the troubled air)
And, with a Master's hand and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they wave;
'Revenge, on thee, in hoarser murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoël's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.'

Dr. Johnson has allowed the Bard to be well described. Mr. Gray tells us, 'The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel: there are two of these paintings, both believed to be originals, one at Florence, the other in the Duke of Orleans's collection, at Paris.'—To this Mr. Mason adds,—'Mr. Gray never saw the large cartoon, done by the same divine hand, in the possession of the Duke of Montagu, at his seat at Boughton in Northamptonshire, else I am persuaded he would have mentioned it in this note. The two finished pieces abroad (which, I believe, are closet pieces) can hardly have so much spirit in them as this wonderful drawing; it gave me the sublimest idea I ever received from painting. Moses breaking the Tables of the Law, by Parmegiano, was a figure which Mr. Gray used to say came still nearer to his meaning than the picture of Raphael.'

'The turbulent impetuosity of the preceding stanza,' says Mr. Wakefield, 'and the sedate majesty of this, form a most pleasing and animated contrast. The portraiture of the Bard is venerable indeed: every word presents us with a picture. In short, the whole

composition is on fire, glowing with strength, and sparkling with beauty.

"———— haughty brow."

'So Homer, ἐπ' ὀφρυσι καλλικολωνης—ἐπ' ὀφρυος, and ἐπ' ὀφρυσιν—αιγιαλοιο—Moselus and Apollonius Rhodius: and St. Luke—της ὀφρυος του ορους—iv, 29. of his Gospel.—"Ecce! *supercilio* clivosi tramitis:" Virg.—Homer says, with greater boldness, Ιλις ὀφρυοισσα: but Mr. Gray's correspondent term—*frowns*—is a happy continuation of the figure.'

Though Mr. Gray might owe the image to the painter, Mr. Wakefield finds a part of the language in his favourite poet:

Who forthwith, from the glittering staff, unfurl'd
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone, *like a meteor streaming to the wind.*

"———— the *troubled* air."

'A most happy epithet!—as if the very elements participated the rage and perturbation of the prophet!'

And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

'This' continues Mr. W. 'is poetical language in perfection; and breathes the sublime spirit of Hebrew poetry, which delights in this grand rhetorical substitution.'

I shall extend this letter no further than to include the epode, and the observations it has excited:

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main:
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed.
'Mountains! ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
'On dreary Avon's shore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
'The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
'Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amid your dying country's cries!—
'No more I weep! they do not sleep!
'On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
'I see them sit, they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land!
'With me, in dreadful harmony, they join,
'And weave, with bloody hands, the tissue of thy line.

Mr. Gray is here accused of repeating *a tale that, when it was first heard, was heard with scorn.* We might suppose that Dr. Johnson had never heard nor seen an instance of that figure of rhetoric called the hyperbole. Is it so extraordinary, to say, in the language of poetry, that the tongue of Cadwallo hushed the stormy main, and that the magic song of Modred made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head?—Dr. Johnson, whose faith, however, was not very scrupulous, really cannot believe that the tongue of Cadwallo hushed the sea, or that the mountain bowed to the song of Modred! I suspect that it was never intended to be believed by any body; but, surely these are modes of speech, in which all mankind have indulged. That the indulgence has been, and still is, attended with much inconvenience, I do not need to be convinced; that we owe to it many a lying legend and many a mischievous system, I have no manner of doubt; but it is the language of poetry; it is the language of man; it is the language characteristic of a bard; and Mr. Gray did but draw the picture with dramatical fidelity, when he adopted it on this occasion. Shakspeare was perhaps the source whence he derived the first part of this terrible tale:

Utt'ring such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song.

On the transition in this epode, from the melancholy march of the earlier verses to the rapturous vivacity of the concluding, Mr. Mason supplies me with the remark that follows: 'Here,' says the anonymous critic, 'a vision of triumphant revenge is judiciously made to ensue, after the pathetic lamentation which precedes it. Breaks—double rhymes—an appropriated cadence—and an exalted ferocity of language, forcibly picture to us the uncontrolable tumultuous workings of the prophet's stimulated bosom.'

STATERUS.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF RACINE.

(*Continued from page* 293.)

An attempt was at that time made to induce him to embrace the profession of an advocate; this noble profession would have led him into a course of study, by which his passion for poetry would have been insensibly extinguished: he rejected it. One of those places was offered to him which, *without leading to fortune*, afford to him who fills them an easy competence, well fitted to compensate him for the tedium which accompanies them: he refused it. He seemed no further to yield to the views of fortune and advancement which were presented to him, than they might accord with his predominant taste.

At this period, M. Vittart, intendant of the duke of Chevreuse, solicited Racine to superintend the reparation of the castle which bears this name; he wished to engage this young poet in the administration of the estates of this house, because he considered this kind of occupation in a point of view calculated to inspire him with a predilection for it. Racine, in complaisance to his friend accepted this commission, but he was soon disgusted with the unpleasant details to which it forced his attention Cares of this kind suit not men of genius.

But the necessity of adopting a profession suitable to his fortune became every day more urgent. One of Racine's uncles, called father Sconin, was prior of St. Maximin d'Usès, and prebendary of the cathedral; he was a man held in high estimation in the order of Saint-Geneviève, of which he had been general, but of a disposition too mutable long to persevere in the pursuit of plans which he had been induced to adopt. It was proposed to him to invest his nephew with a part of his benefices. To this he consented. In 1661, Racine went to meet him in Languedoc; he assumed the ecclesiastical habit, he studied theology; but he ere long discovered that his uncle scarcely thought of performing his promise.

Racine was soon disgusted with a profession which presented to him no other prospect than the doubtful expectation of enjoying, at a remote period, the advantages which had induced him to embrace it. To these motives were added the *ennui* which his residence at Usès occasioned, where he was apprehensive of forgetting his language, after all the efforts he had made to acquire a perfect knowledge of it. This was the cause of his aversion to mingling in those societies where he would have been well received, and so strong was this aversion, that his commerce was confined exclusively to his books. It is however pretended *that he was enamoured in that town of a young person who appeared amiable in his eyes; but this passion was soon extinguished by the discovery of a mole on her face.*

Racine studied at the same time, St. Thomas, Virgil, Ariosto, and all the poets who had constituted the delight of his early studies. He however merely fluttered from object to object, because he had not yet thought of making an essay of his talents in that species of composition which was one day to immortalize him. He sought a dramatic subject; he was long undecided. He requested M. Levasseur to propose one. This young abbé either treated his request with neglect, or proposed a subject which was not approved by Racine.

He fixed on the story of *Theagenes and Chariclea.* This piece was almost finished when he determined to leave Usès and return to Paris. Notwithstanding the mediocrity of his fortune, he promised himself there a more happy lot than that which the irresolution of father Sconin presented to him in long perspective. However, scarcely had he arrived at the capital, when he discovered in himself the germe of a talent more subsidiary to his advancement than all the good wishes of his relatives.

Molière enjoyed, in that great city, the consideration which merit almost always acquires there, when united with

gentle and correct manners. Racine visited him, on the pretext of consulting him with respect to an Ode, *La Renommée aux Muses*, which he had lately composed. Molière applauded our young poet. This act of civility encouraged him to show Molière his tragedy of Theagenes and Chariclea. This celebrated dramatist was not one of those men who discover in others nothing but faults to censure. He was formed to admire talents, because no one ever more eminently possessed them; he foresaw the honour which Racine would one day confer on the French stage, and he persuaded him to devote his talents to the drama. Molière did not confine himself to giving advice: succour of this kind was not the most requisite. He knew that Racine was not in affluence; he aided him with his purse, by lending him one hundred louis d'or. He thought himself more than amply rewarded for this service by contributing to the advancement of a young man who evinced the most happy genius. This sentiment is so rare that it is worthy of remark.

Theagenes and Chariclea was not a proper subject for the theatre. Molière advised Racine to renounce it, and to give a preference to the Thebaid, which is more susceptible of situations truly tragic; he also induced him to publish his Ode of *La Renommée aux Muses*. This piece was well received by the public, and with still greater favour by the court.

Encouraged by this applause and by the praises which Molière one day received from the king, Racine formed the plan of his tragedy of *Les Freres Ennemis*. In less than five weeks it was finished This precipitancy was not injurious to its success. This success inspired him with so much confidence in his powers, that he almost immediately conceived the plan of his tragedy of Alexander.

This second piece was composed and played in the course of one year; it appeared to be of a species so novel, that Saint-Evremont said that *he was not alarmed at the advanced age of Corneille, and was no longer apprehensive of seeing tragedy expire with him.* The pleasure which this flattering eulogy imparted to Racine was marred by the criticisms which were circulated against him, and by another incident which did not merit his attention.

Violent prejudices were entertained at Port-Royal against the attachment which he cherished for poetry, because this passion was regarded as a propensity which had no useful object. Reproaches, counsel, letters, nothing was spared to extinguish it: but the attempt was unsuccessful.

Desmarets de Saint-Sorlin wrote against Port-Royal. It was at that time the centre of erudition, of science, and of a pure and unerring taste which has stood the test of time. M. Nicole repelled this attack. It rarely happens that men of letters, when engaged in controversy, confine themselves to the natural bounds which it prescribes to them: they overleap the limits of discretion, because they know not how to govern their resentment, and know still less how to manifest it in such a manner as to avoid compromising themselves. Desmarets was perhaps blameable; I will not examine his motives. This however is certain, that his adversary, from the virulence of his censure, did not deserve to obtain the victory. Birth, education, conduct, morals, fortune, talents, natural defects, all were lashed without mercy.

The letters, however, of Desmarets and of M. Nicole, were hitherto only a combat between man and man, in which the animosity of each party manifested as much ardour in the attack as in the defence. M. Nicole apparently feared that he should want ground. From reproach directed against poets, he proceeded to the abuses of poetry; his anathemas were fulminated not only against poetry, but against all those who love and who cultivate it: they were *public poisoners, not of bodies, but of souls.* This condemnation was too general not to be subject to some restriction.

Racine, about this time, received from Port-Royal a letter which one of his aunts addressed to him. This amiable

recluse combatted, without knowing why she did so, the taste which Racine cherished for poetry, and the resolution which he had formed to devote his genius to dramatic compositions. The language of this letter differed so little from that employed by M. Nicole, that Racine was convinced that this author had him in view when he composed his *Visionaries*. Whether his intention were to correct the false opinions which the author of this work attempted to disseminate with respect to poetry, or merely to repel an attack which, as it regarded him, became personal, Racine undertook the defence of poets; with such superiority of force did he present himself on the field of battle, that M. Nicole did not dare to struggle with him. Pleasantry was the only weapon which Racine wielded: never was it employed with more dexterity.

While Racine was losing the friendship of his former masters,[3] by criticising their persons and their productions, the abbé Levasseur was employed in his favour in conciliating the esteem and attachment of a man who was much more essential to him than all the anchorites of Port-Royal. This singular man was Boileau-Despréaux, whose celebrity is founded on the obligations which poetry and the French language will eternally owe to him. The abbé Levasseur submitted to his inspection the Ode of *La Renommée aux Muses;* Boileau could not abstain from remarking some faults. Racine found his remarks so just, that he manifested the most ardent desire to know their author. Thus was formed the most extraordinary union that ever connected two poets. Time, that destroyer of the most constant friendship, respected this; Racine and Despréaux had an equal interest in its preservation, for the rivals and enemies of the one were generally those of the other. This attachment, although necessary for their common defence, ought still to be regarded as a model worthy of being proposed to all men of letters.

The advantage which Racine derived from the advice of Despréaux, was soon perceived. Andromache was performed in 1667; above all other tragedies which had been represented on the French stage, it merited brilliant success, because it opened to tragic poets a career in which none of them had dared to adventure. It was also in this piece that Racine began to restrain that seducing facility which is scarcely ever compatible with a severe taste.

Corneille had for a long time enjoyed all the honours of the French stage; he did not witness without alarm the eulogies which were bestowed on his young competitor. This fear was a new triumph for Racine: but he knew not how to enjoy it, for his sensibility was less affected by the glory with which he was invested, than by the different criticisms of which his tragedy was the object.

I know not why the anxious solicitude which all men of letters feel for their productions always exceeds the real merit which they are acknowledged to possess. Is it that nature has intended to balance the glory which they attach to their labours, by the vexation of being constantly exposed to the lash of criticism? or has she only wished to indemnify those from whom she has withheld her gifts, by the pleasure which they enjoy in censuring those on whom she has bestowed them? whatever her intentions may have been, Racine's pride was grievously wounded by the criticisms which his poems excited. It is admitted that the pain which he suffered from the most feeble shaft of satire frequently exceeded the pleasure he derived from his most brilliant successes. The ill success of one of his tragedies impelled Æschylus to voluntary exile; other great men have carried their resentment of similar affronts to still greater lengths: few of them have possessed the art of elevating themselves above their censors.

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[3] His passion for poetry, and perhaps the pleasure of ingeniously diverting the quarrels of Port-Royal misled Racine on this occasion. However ardent his attachment to poetry, Racine ought not to have lost sight of the gratitude which he owed to his first instructors.

For the Port Folio.

EPISTOLARY.

Original Letter from Mr. Addison.

[THE following letter, which, on the respectable authority of Dr. Drake, is asserted to be the genuine production of ADDISON, written by him on receiving certain hints, impossible to misunderstand, from a married lady, the wife of his friend, will bear ample testimony to the purity of his conduct, and to his powers of resisting one of the strongest temptations to which our nature is subject.]

MADAM,

IT would be ridiculous in me, after the base intimation you were pleased to favour me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, however opposite an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice. This expression I am sensible may appear inconsistent in the mouth of a *polite* man, but I hope it is no disgrace to a *sincere* one. In matters of importance, *delicacy* ought to give way to *truth*, and *ceremony* must be sacrificed to *candour*. An honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind which is above the practice of deceit can never stoop to be guilty of flattery upon such a point.

Give me leave, madam, to remark, that the connexion subsisting between your husband and myself is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of his goodness or my obligations; and suffer me to observe, that, were I capable of such an action, how much soever my behaviour might be rewarded by your *passion*, I must be despised by your *reason;* and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I should be hated as a man. Highly sensible of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my peace and honour may be for ever lost. You have passions, you say, madam; give me leave to answer, you have understanding also; you have a heart susceptible of the tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would choose to awaken it, beyond an unwarrantable indulgence of them; and let me intreat you, for your own sake, to resist any giddy impulse, or ill-placed inclination, which shall induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your own honour and repugnant to your virtue.

I too, madam, am far from being insensible. I too have passions; and would my situation, a few years ago, have allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should legally have solicited that happiness, which you are now ready to bestow.

I had the honour of supping at Mr. D's, where I first saw you; and I shall make no scruple in declaring that I never saw a person so irresistibly beautiful, nor a manner so excessively engaging; but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side, although I burnt with a flame as strong as ever fired the human breast. I laboured to conceal it. Time and absence at length abated a hopeless passion, and your marriage with my patron effectually cured it. Do not, madam, endeavour to rekindle that flame; do not destroy a *tranquillity* I have just begun to taste, and blast your own honour which has been hitherto unsullied. My best esteem is yours; but should I promise more, consider the fatal necessity I should be under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous. In any other commands, dispose of, madam,

Your humble servant,

JOSEPH ADDISON.

For the Port Folio.

REVIEW.

The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth.

(Continued from page 302.)

The second chapter is devoted to a delineation of the state of literature in Rome and other parts of Italy, at the epoch of the reception of Giovanni de' Medici into the Sacred College. Here, Mr. R. enumerates a long list of illustrious scholars, amid whose labours in the revival of learning must not be for-

gotten those of Aldo Manuzio, the indefatigable printer of Venice.

From the list of the Neapolitan Academy, we are induced to select with peculiar regard the name of Pontano, as that of a man who possessed a mind of a capacious grasp, and who is represented as, in some measure, the precursor of Bacon, that philosopher of whom it is too little to say, that we rank him among the brightest ornaments and best benefactors of mankind:

'Few scholars, who have owed their eminence merely to their talents, have enjoyed a degree of respect and dignity equal to Pontano. His writings, both in verse and prose, are extremely numerous; but as they are wholly in the Latin language, he cannot be enumerated among those, who, at this period laboured with so much assiduity and success, in the improvement of their native tongue. The versatility of his talents, and the extent of his scientifick acquirements, are chiefly evinced by his works in prose; in which he appears successively as a grammarian, politician, a historian, a satirist, a natural and a moral philosopher. These writings are now, however, in a great degree, consigned to oblivion; nor is it difficult to account for the neglect which they have experienced. His grammatical treatise *De Aspiratione*, in two books, instead of exhibiting a philosophical investigation of general rules, degenerates into an ill arranged and tiresome catalogue of particular examples. Nor do we feel more inclined to indulge such a trial of our patience, on account of the instance which he alleges of the orator Messala, who wrote a whole book on the letter *S*. In natural philosophy his writings chiefly relate to the science of astronomy, in which he appears to have made great proficiency; but they are at the same time disgraced by a frequent mixture of judicial astrology; and afford a convincing proof that, when an author builds on false grounds, and reasons on false principles, the greater his talents are, the greater will be his absurdities. His moral treatises are indeed the most valuable of his writings; but they are injured by the unbounded fertility of his imagination, and exhibit rather all that can be said on the subject, than all that ought to be said. From some scattered passages, it appears, however, that he had formed an idea of laying a more substantial basis for philosophical inquiries than the world had theretofore known and had obtained, though in dim and distant prospect, a glimpse of that nobler edifice, which, about a century afterwards, was displayed in all its proportions to the immortal Bacon, and in comparison with which, the airy fabricks of the schoolmen, like the magick castles of romance, have vanished into smoke.' Vol. I, p. 106.

That poetry and virtue go always together is an opinion, says Johnson (in allusion to the very times of which we are now conversant), so pleasing, that I can forgive him who resolves to think it true; but we shall stand in no need of forgiveness for contemplating with delight the following picture of Italy, a picture that unhappily possesses all the advantages to be derived from the force of contrast; a picture that displays the happiness of that same Italy and that same age which produced a Sforza and a Borgia, and the miseries of which fill so many melancholy pages of this work:

'The tranquillity which had now for some years reigned in Italy, had introduced into that country an abundance, a luxury, and a refinement, almost unexampled in the annals of mankind. Instead of contending for dominion and power, the sovereigns and native princes of that happy region attempted to rival each other in taste, in splendour, and in elegant accomplishments; and it was considered as essential to their grandeur, to give their household establishments a literary character. Hence their palaces became a kind of polite academy, in which the nobility of both sexes found a constant exercise for their intellectual talents; and courage, rank and beauty, did not hesitate to associate with taste, with learning, and with wit. In this respect, the court of Milan was eminently distinguished.' Vol. I, p. 161.

Such, at this era, was Italy; but not many years elapsed before her sorrows might have called forth the same language of compassion that was bestowed, about two centuries afterward, by Vincenzo Filicaja, during the war of the Spanish succession, when the French and the Imperialists made Italy once more the theatre of their hostilities.

SONNET.

Italia! thou to whom in evil hour,
The fatal boon of beauty nature gave,
Yet on thy front the sentence did engrave,
That ceaseless woe should be thy only dower!
Ah, were that beauty less, or more thy power!
That he who now compels thee to his arms,
Might gaze with cold indifference on thy charms,
Or tremble at thine eye's indignant lower!

Then shouldst thou not observe, in glittering line,
From the high Alps embattled throngs descend,
And Gallick herds pollute thy Po's clear wave;
Nor, whilst encompassed close by spears not thine,
Shouldst thou by foreign hands thy rights defend,
Conqu'ring or conquer'd, evermore a slave.
Vol. I, p. 307.

The provident Lorenzo lived only to see his son fairly seated for that career in which all his cares had tended to engage him. The conduct of Giovanni on the death of his father, impresses us with much respect and esteem:

'Scarcely had the cardinal de' Medici gone through the ceremonies of his admission into the consistory, than he received intelligence of the death of his father, which happened on the eighth day of April, 1492. His sensations on this occasion are strongly expressed in his letters to his brother Piero; but not satisfied with epistolary condolence and advice, he prepared to pay a visit to Florence, for the purpose of supporting, by his presence, the credit and authority of the Medici in that city. In order to give him additional importance on this occasion, the pope appointed him legate of the patrimony of St. Peter and of the Tuscan state. Before his arrival, the magistrates and council had, however, passed a decree, by which they continued to Piero all the honours which his late father had enjoyed. The general disposition of the inhabitants was indeed so highly favourable to the Medici, that the authority of Piero seemed to be established on as sure a foundation as that of any of his ancestors, with the additional stability which length of time always gives to public opinion.

'During the residence of the cardinal at Florence, he distinguished himself amongst his fellow citizens, not only by the decorum and gravity of his conduct as an ecclesiastic, but by his munificence to those numerous and eminent scholars, whom the death of his father had deprived of their chief protector. To his favour Marsilius Ficinus was indebted for the respectable rank of a canon of Florence; and his liberality was yet more particularly shown to Demetrius Chalcondyles, from whom he had formerly received instruction, and to whom he afforded pecuniary assistance, not only for his own purposes, but for the promotion of his numerous offspring. In these, and similar instances, his conduct corresponded with the sentiments professed by him, in the assertion which he made, that the greatest alleviation, which he could experience of his recent loss, would be to have it in his power, to promote the interest of those men of learning, who had been the peculiar objects, of the affection and regard of his father.' Vol. I, p. 189.

It was not without reason that the head of the Medici laboured so earnestly at an object that was calculated to maintain if not enlarge the fortunes of his house. It held but a precarious tenure in Florence. Two years and a half had scarcely followed his death, when, through circumstances connected with the expedition of Charles VIII, against the kingdom of Naples, the cardinal de' Medici, with his brothers Piero and Juliano, were expelled from that city every quarter and all the environs of which were adorned by the munificence of their family.

The principal topics of this and the succeeding chapter is the expedition of Charles VIII, with the overthrow and restoration of the house of Arragon. At the present moment, this narrative of the forcible occupation of Naples, by a French army, is peculiarly interesting, and will amply repay the trouble of those who turn to it in the original: we regret that its great length forbids our attempting to give any view of it. We cannot, however, refrain from citing a patriotic ode, which might seem to be the production of some loyal Neapolitan of 1806, but which is by Crinitus:

ODE.

Thy sad lament, my friend, forbear,
Nor longer pour the fruitless tear.
Enough to patriot sorrows given,
Think not to change the doom of heaven.

We feel the fates, and own their sway,
Whilst NAPLES sinks, a hapless prey;
Her iron bondage doomed to mourn,
Till that auspicious hour return,

When, to his native soil restored,
She hails again her former lord;
Him who recalls her ancient fame,
And vindicates her honour'd name.

Yet when that happier dawn shall rise,
My mortal vision ill descries;
And dubious is the voice divine,
Responsive from Apollo's shrine.

But, hark! along the sounding poles,
Signal of hope, the thunder rolls;
And soon the avenging bolt shall fall,
That checks the fury of the GAUL.
Vol. I, p. 321.

Here, it is necessary for us to pause; concluding our present extracts with Mr. R.'s general reflections on this great historical event:

'Thus terminated the celebrated expedition of Charles VIII, against the kingdom of Naples; an expedition originating in puerile ambition, conducted with folly and rapacity, and ending in the dissipation of the revenues of his crown, and in the destruction of his army. That he accomplished his object, is the boast of the French historians; but it is easy to perceive, that the successes of Charles VIII are not to be attributed to his courage or to his abilities, but to the weak and irresolute conduct of his adversaries, the selfish and temporizing policy of the Italian states, and above all, to the odium excited against the house of Arragon, by the cruelties exercised by Ferdinand I, and his son Alfonso, on their subjects. If these advantages could have been countervailed by any misconduct of his own, the defeat of Charles had been certain. Such were his necessities in the commencement of his undertaking, and such the difficulties with which he provided for his soldiery, that he was not only obliged to borrow money at a most exorbitant interest, but even to plunder his friends and allies. The time chosen for his enterprise could not indeed have been more favourable to his views; for many causes had concurred to disgust the people of Italy with their rulers, and had led them to regard the French as their friends and deliverers, and as a nation on whose honour and good faith they could place the most perfect reliance; but this error was not of long duration; and the cruelty and disorder which distinguished the march of the French army soon convinced their partizans and admirers, that the expected change was not likely to promote their happiness. The irruption of the French seemed to be the extinction of all literature in Italy. The example of a weak and licentious monarch corrupted his followers. An incredible degree of debauchery and prostitution prevailed. The restraints of modesty, the ties of morality, the voice of religion, were all equally disregarded; and the hand of Providence almost visibly interfered, to punish by the scourge of a loathsome and destructive malady, those enormities which no other motives could restrain. Shocked at the hideous disease, which now first obtruded itself, like a putrid carcase, into the rosy bowers of pleasure, the Italians and the French recriminated on each other the disgrace of its introduction; and the appellations of *mal de Naples*, and *mal Franceze*, were intended by each of these nations, to remove to the other the infamy of its origin. Of all the consequences incident to the expedition of Charles VIII, against the kingdom of Naples, it is probable that this will be the longest remembered. In other respects, this event seems only to have broken down those barriers, which nature had formed to secure the repose of mankind, and to have opened a wider field for the range of ambition, and the destruction of the human race.' Vol. I, p. 354.

(*To be continued.*)

MISCELLANY.

Defence of the invention of Gun-powder.

From Feijoo.

IF Virgil, among the crowd of condemned wretches, whom he shows to Æneas, on his feigned descent into hell, describes, as one of those most severely punished, the king of Elis, Salmoneus, who, to obtain divine honours, attempted to imitate, very rudely, the thunder and lightning of Jupiter,

> Vidi et crudelem dantem Salmonea pœnas
> Dum flamma Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi,

I believe that the generality of men would judge, as worthy of heavier pains, the man who, in inventing gun-powder, copied with much more fidelity the explosion, flame, and destruction, of those flying fires. With so much displeasure does the world look on him, that scarcely can it hear of him without horror; and doubtlessly Quevedo speaks in the name of all, or rather all speak by the pen of Quevedo, when he writes,

> De hierro fué el primero
> Que violentó la flama
> En concave metal, maquina inmensa,
> Fué mas que todos fiero
> Indigno de las voces de fama.

This hatred of the inventor springs from an opinion that the invention is injurious to mankind, as having been the cause of a number of violent murders. This is a common error, which I shall attempt to remove, and which, on the slightest reflection, will be seen to vanish.

So far is the increased carnage, produced by gun-powder, from being any thing more than imaginary, that before its invention the carnage was much greater. It is incontrovertibly proved, from all historians, ancient and modern, that

when steel only was used in battle the meeting of armies was much more bloody than now. It seldom happened then, that the fate of the day was decided (the dispute being between troops of valour) without the men on one side being diminished an half, more or less; instead of which, at present, the slaughter of one tenth, and even less, suffices to assure the victory to the fortunate party. I confess that this is, in part, to be ascribed to the greater military skill of the age. In part, I say; but another considerable part is to be referred to the difference of the arms. When all carried swords, it was impossible to fight without the close intermixture of the opposite troops. This intermixture produced more irritation in the minds, more difficulty in distinguishing the state of superiority on either side, more difficulty in rendering obedience to orders, and more difficulty in separating the victors from the vanquished. All these causes concurred in strengthening the obstinacy of the combatants. At present, it often happens, that the general is enabled, on discerning the impossibility of repairing his disorder, to save the effusion of blood, by sounding a retreat.

In the siege of fortified places the difference is also visible. The use of fire-arms renders their reduction more easy, and less costly in the waste of men. The siege of Troy, which is believed to have lasted ten years, would probably not have continued two months, had cannon and mortars been then known. What gun-powder increases in the ruin of stones, it spares in the destruction of lives. Bombs and large balls sound much and kill few. The thunder always reaches; the bolt rarely. Frequently, fear affords a skreen from hurt; for, the garrison being alarmed, bethinks itself of capitulation, long before any considerable damage is done; and thus innumerable lives, as well among the besiegers as the besieged, are saved.

Not only it is to be noted, that men and time are saved in sieges, since the introduction of gun-powder, but it is even observable, that in proportion as the quantity of artillery is augmented, the havoc is diminished. Convinced by experience or actuated by this view, in the reign of Louis XIV, either by the orders of that great king, or those of his commanding officers, France bestowed much more than the usual quantity of powder upon her sieges; and Spain sometimes imitated this practice with success, as may be seen in the siege of Namur, in 1695; the reduction of which city cost much time and blood, and the quantity of artillery was proportionably small, while that of Castile was much shorter, and less destructive; because, forewarned by the preceding error, there were played upon it, without ceasing, during the space of seven days, a hundred and forty-one cannon, great and small, and a hundred mortars and granadas reales; insomuch that the place submitted, though garrisoned by eight thousand good troops, not to count the sick and wounded. It is true this fortunate result was obtained on this occasion, and will be obtained on other similar ones, not solely through the terror inspired into the besieged, but also, and principally, through the fatigue of body and mind, when no place can be found in which to eat or sleep in safety; and when there is continual necessity for the performance of great bodily labour, in transporting stores and ammunition to the posts attacked, repairing the breaches, and clearing the ditches of the ruins of the walls. When the garrison is not a veteran one, the terror occasioned by the report of so many cannon, and the fall of buildings, is sufficient to intimidate the besieged, and dispose them to capitulate. The same thing happens when the population of the place is numerous, however veteran the garrison may be, as is observed by that great master of the art of war, the marquis de Santa-Cruz de Marcenado, in the fourth book of his *Reflexiones Militares*.

It being shown that war is released from incalculable carnage by the use of gun-powder, this great advantage, in that respect, lessens the disadvantage

which may arise from the greater facility it affords to private murder. This does not bear the proportion of a thousandth part to the other. Neither are we to consider, as occasioned by gun-powder, all the murders that are executed through its medium. In the want of fire-arms, steel would be employed on most occasions of vengeance. Let us add, that the rigour of the laws may prevent, and in well-governed states does prevent, the use of pistols; and, taking the whole together, it will be found that, for each murder occasioned by gun-powder, in the hands of private malice, a thousand is avoided in the quarrels of nations.

In another point of view, we may admire the invention of gun-powder in the various uses to which this substance is applicable. It serves for the taking of game, for the extermination of wild beasts, for levelling uneven ground, for splitting of marble, for opening roads, for stopping the progress of fires, and still more numerous purposes.

From the whole, it results that the inventor of gun-powder, instead of the public execration to which his memory is exposed, is worthy of the warmest applause. The name of the real inventor remains to be considered.

It is said by many, that gun-powder and artillery were very anciently used in China. The common opinion is, that a German Franciscan, named Berthold Shuvart, a native of Fribourg, and a great chemist, invented gun-powder, about the year 1378. It is added, that he would not have attempted it, had not the discovery occurred to him by chance. Being grinding a small quantity of saltpetre, and desiring to know how his work proceeded, he approached it with a lighted candle, when it immediately took fire, and exploded in a moment. Meditating on this unexpected phenomenon, he gradually arrived at the discovery of that powerful artificial mixture which we call gun-powder.

But, without reference to the antiquity of this invention in China, whence, through some unknown medium it may have been communicated to Europe, there are ample testimonies of the use of gun-powder anterior to the era at which it is said to have been introduced by the German monk. In the *Dictionaire Universel de Trevoux*, citations are made of Spanish writers, Pedro Mexia and don Pedro, bishop of Leon, the first of whom asserts that, in the year 1343, the Moors, in a siege carried on by Alonso XI, employed an iron machine, the report of which resembled thunder; and the second, that the Moors of Tunis, in a naval battle with the Spaniards, long before the siege above spoken of, were armed with certain tubes or cylinders of iron, the explosion from which was attended with a dreadful noise. These, without doubt, were a species of artillery. In the same dictionary there is also produced the authority of Ducange, who relates that, by the registers of the chamber of accounts at Paris, it appears that the use of artillery was introduced into France as early as the year 1338. This notification is greatly strengthened, by what a little after is added in the same dictionary, that Larrei, in his History of England, mentions that, according to some writers, the French employed pieces of artillery in the siege of Puy-Guillahume, in Auvergne, in the same year, 1338.

The testimonies of these authors, and especially of the two latter, whose notices are more clear and concise, sufficiently prove the uncertain foundation of the common opinion, as to the German Franciscan having been the inventor. Equally uncertain is the truth of the assertion made by so many writers, that the first use of artillery in Europe was in the war prosecuted by the Venetians against the Genoese, in the year 1380. If we are to credit what is said by the second Spanish author abovecited, we must infer that the use of gun-powder was communicated from Africa to Europe; but, however this may be, it seems incontrovertible that the invention is more ancient than is commonly supposed. As to the German monk, he brought it to greater perfection, and hence arose the erroneous belief that he was the inventor.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

Monsieur Menage, in his desultory manner, remarks that the pleasure he received in the perusal of the poems of Bonefonius, excited him to attempt a tale in his manner and in his style of versification.

CANTOR LACRYMAS ELICIENS.*

Pagi non vafer admodum sacerdos
Solemnes operans sacris ad aras,
Festum Gargilius canebat hymnum,
Et quantum poterat, placere dum se
Amatæ putat auribus Lubinæ,
Tollebat resonans ad astra vocem;
Felix præcipue, sibique plaudens,
Quod certi velut indices amoris
Quasdam lacrymulas canens videret
Labi de teneris Lubinæ ocellis.
Hanc ergo rogitans, ut alloquendi
Data est copia: Dic, age, o venusta,
Quid flebas modo, me canente, quæso?
Parce ah quærere, parce, dixit illa,
Extinctus mihi nuper est asellus,
Qui non dissimilem tuæ subinde,
Tollebat resonans ad astra vocem.

* This lampoon is derived from the "Facetiæ" of Poggius.

THE PATHETIC PSALMODIST.

A priest, more fam'd for voice than wit,
Chaunted, one day, in such a fit
Of holy zeal, that all the choir
Such efforts could not but admire.
When the priest saw, with fond surprise,
The tears flow fast from Annette's eyes,
He could not doubt his power to move
The streams of sympathy and love.
The service ended, he address'd
The nymph, and, whilst her hand he press'd,
Began to hint his amorous fears:
Perhaps his singing caus'd her tears?
He own'd he all his powers had tried:
'Ah, spare my woes,' the maid replied,
'I've lately lost!—ah me!—alas!
'How great the loss! my favourite ass!
'And when, sir priest, you sang to day,
'I thought I heard his well-known bray.'

When we reflect upon the early death of sir John Suckling, the variety of his occupations, the vortex of his pleasures, and the troubles of the times in which he lived, our surprise must be excited, that he could write with so much vivacity and gaiety, even on subjects which his heart as well as his head prompted him to adopt. He abounds too in thoughts as well as in charming expression. Let us look into his poem, entitled,

AGAINST ABSENCE.

My whining lover, what needs all
These vows of love monastical?
Despairs, retirements, jealousies,
And subtle sealing up of eyes?
Come, come, be wise, return again,
A finger burnt 's as great a pain;
And the same physic, self-same art
Cures that would cure a flaming heart,
Would'st thou while yet the fire is in
But hold it to the fire again;
If you, dear sir, the plague have got,
What matter is it, whether or not
They let you in the same house lie,
Or carry you abroad to die?
He, whom the plague of love once takes,
Every room a pest-house makes.
Absence were good, if it were but sense,
That only holds the intelligence:
Pure love alone no hurt would do,
But love is love and magic too;
Brings a mistress many miles,
And the sleight of looks beguiles,
Makes her entertain thee there,
And the same time your rival here.
And—oh the devil that she should
Say finer things than now she would;
So nobly fancy doth supply,
What the dull sense lets fall and die.
Beauty, like man's old enemy, is known
To tempt him most, when he 's alone;
The air of some wild o'er-grown wood,
Or pathless grove, is the boy's food.
Return then back, and feed thine eye,
Feed all thy senses, and feast high,
Spare diet is the cause love lasts,
For surfeits sooner kill than fasts.

THE GREEN VEIL,

Sent to a Lady, with Hammond's Poems.

If I, fair maid, in plaintive strain
Confess no anxious lover's pain,
Nor bid my sighing numbers flow,
In languid notes of mimic woe;
Think not mine eyes to beauty blind,
My heart unfeeling or unkind,
Unfit for love's sensations keen,
But thank your cloudy veil so green.

If, while the veil conceals your cheek,
I start not from your glance oblique;
Nor tingling through my glowing veins
The crimson tint my face distains:
Nor yet unconscious near your side,
With motion scarce perceiv'd I glide,
To talk by fits, and pause between;
Then thank your cloudy veil so green.

If sighs of fondness half repress'd
In secret breathe not from my breast,

Nor round my heart the langours wreathe
Which oft forbid the sigh to breathe,
Nor see my brow of pallid hue
Effuse the cold and shining dew,
Blame not, fair maid, your faultless mein,
But thank your cloudy veil so green.

And now when unconcern'd and gay,
I pour the jocund sportive lay,
And bid my careless heart defy
The glance of that love-kindling eye;
Still as I muse on Hammond's pain,
Who felt the woes that others feign,
Like Hammond's fate mine might have been
I think, and bless your veil so green.

Dr. Drake, whose taste for literary beauty is very exquisite, observes, that in the old ballad of Rosamond, as preserved in the Pepysian library, there occur many fine strokes of description. The following lines represent the charms of the Woodstock beauty in very glowing colours.

Her crisped locks like threads of gold,
Appear'd to each man's sight;
Her sparkling eyes like orient pearls,
Did cast a heavenly light.

The blood within her chrystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Presence of Mind.

Women of intrigue require this quality, so necessary to their disposition, and very frequently possess it. On leaving the play, a lady of this description observed that her lover was following her into her carriage. As the gallant was putting his hand on the door and preparing to enter, he did not see the husband who was entering the other door: the lady called out in a loud voice, 'What are you about? this *hackney coach* was hired by my husband.'

The force of maternal example.

It is preposterous for mothers to expect a chaste conduct in their daughters, if they set them a bad example. Madame B. gave her daughter a serious lecture, on discovering that she kept up private intercourse with her lover; and ended it by threatening to put her into a convent. 'With all my heart,' replied the young lady, 'if you will let me have your valet de chambre to wait upon me there.'

A man of gallantry, being one day at the toilet of his mistress, took up a mirror, and wrote under it the following verses:

Iris, en ce miroir toujours
Vous pourrez voir l'object que j'aime;
Je voudrois bien toujours de même
Y voir l'objet de vous amours.

This glass, dear Chloe, to your eyes
Always reflects the nymph I prize.
Happy were I did it discover,
While thus I gaze, your favourite lover.

Mr. D. as we are informed by Menage, had a very thin wife. He was asked the reason why he had chosen a person of that figure rather than a plump one; he replied, that a thin woman presented him a nearer and easier way to her heart.

Upon this anecdote it has been remarked by an ingenious editor, that Menage, who was a famous relator of stories old and new, did not always recollect the sources whence he derived them, and therefore his dramatis personæ were invented often by himself. This story of Mr. D. is to be found in the following epigram, translated from the Greek of Rufinus:

Chlorinda's slim form with what raptures I view,
What joys in my fancy again I pursue,
Whilst thus round her waist my embraces I twine,
And find her dear heart beat so nearly to mine.

That arch wag, Poggius, to whom almost the whole tribe of succeeding wits from La Fontaine to Prior are indebted for hints for pleasantry, observes, that absurd simplicity never appears with a worse grace than in the pulpit. A priest at Tivole was declaiming against adultery. 'I would rather,' says the indignant preacher, 'be connected with *ten* virgins than *one* married woman.

A valetudinarian complained of a violent pain in one of his legs. His wife made use of embrocations and flannel to no purpose: the patient continued his groaning. A surgeon was called in, who, on examining the leg declared it was sound. 'Then it must be the *other*,' replied the simpleton.

A princess of Hungary once asked a monk, who was a scholar and a wit, to explain to her the story of Balaam and his ass: adding, 'good father, I can hardly believe that an ass should be so talkative.' 'Madam,' replied the father, 'your scruples may cease, when you are informed it was a *female*.'

A man who had climbed up a chesnut tree, had by carelessness missed his hold of one of the branches, and fell to the ground with such violence as to break one of his ribs. A neighbour coming to his assistance remarked to him drily, 'that had he followed his rule in these cases, he would have avoided this accident.' 'What rule do you mean,' said the other indignantly. 'This,' replied the philosopher, 'never to come down from a place faster than you go up.'

Not many years ago, some ignorant or mischievous persons imported into Europe, several Arabian MSS. very superbly bound and appearing in most excellent condition. They were eagerly bought up by persons who were rather admirers than readers of these MSS. Sometime after the purchase, scholars who saw them and turned them over, discovered that these *learned* treasures consisted of the *daybooks* and *legers* of Arabian *tradesmen*.

The early conductors of the press used to affix to the end of the volumes which they printed, some device or couplet concerning the book, with the addition of the name of the printer and also of the corrector. In the edition of "The Pragmatic Sanction," by Andrew Bocard at Paris, 1507, the following curious couplet is to be found

Stet liber, hîc donec fluctus formica marinos
Ebibat; et totum testudo perambulet orbem.

IMITATED.

May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurl'd,
Till an ant to the dregs drinks the ocean,
Or a tortoise has crawl'd round the world.

A witty moralist used to say of taverns, that they were places where men sold madness by the bottle.

Margaret of Austria, duchess of Savoy, was betrothed to the dauphin of France, who married another woman. She was afterwards promised in marriage to the heir of the Spanish throne, who died in his childhood. On returning from Spain on this occasion, she was overtaken by a terrible storm at sea, and had the presence of mind to compose her own epitaph, which is more expressive of her courage than her delicacy.

Ci gît Margat, la gente demoiselle
Qui eut deux maris, et si mourut pucelle.

IMITATED.

Poor Margaret, your fate severe
In murkiest colours is pourtray'd;
Two husbands falling to your share,
You yet, alas, must die a maid.

THE COQUET.

Leila, with too successful art,
Has spread for me the cruel snare,
And now, when she has caught my heart,
She laughs and leaves it to despair.

Thus the poor sparrow pants for breath,
Held captive by a playful boy,
And while it drinks the draught of death,
The thoughtless child looks on with joy.

Ah! were its fluttering pinions free
Soon would it bid its chains adieu;
Or did the child its sufferings see
He'd pity and relieve them too.

VERSES,

Addressed by the daughter of a Caliph of Spain to some young men who had pretended a passion for herself and her companions.

When you told us our glances, soft, timid and mild,
Could occasion such wounds in the heart,
Can ye wonder that yours, so ungovern'd and wild,
Some wounds to our cheeks should impart?

The wounds on our cheeks are but transient, I own,
With a blush they appear and decay;
But those on the heart, fickle youths, ye have shewn
To be even more transient than they.

A GAZEL, BY HAFIZ.

Though I have felt a lover's woes,
Ask me not what they were;
Though absence robs me of repose,
Ask not to know my care.

No longer since than yesternight,
The fair, in murmurs sweet,
Bless'd me with accents of delight,
Which bid me not repeat,

AD

GULIELMUM HAMILTON

SALUTEM.

Hos ego versiculos in memoriam viri integerrimi, nec non ex omnibus, quos ætas præsens, annis multis, per orbem terrarum tulit, doctissimi, tesserulam honoris, typis ad Te tuis mandandos, mitto; quippe qui Te facilem et commodum meis, aliis occasionibus, haud semel precibus dedisti. J. Ross.

In Obitum

Viri clarissimi CAROLI NISBET, D. D. Coll. Dickinson. Præsidis, qui octodecimo Januarii, A. D. 1804, vita decessit.

Te quoque, qui nostris dignatus vivere, Nisbet,
Finibus, eripuit mors! fera Te eripuit!
Tu, tandem, fessus, metam finemque laborum,
Docte, invenisti, corpore deposito.
Præclarus, turbas hominum, sociosque relictos,
Morte redemptus, nunc despicis, altivolus.
Divitias quoque habes partas hic, munera culta
Mentis nempe bonæ, quas dedit ipse DEUS.
Hæc autem, vestes, aurum, popularis et aura,
Grata licet quondam, et fulgida, diffugiunt.
Finito ergo opere, propter quod missus in orbem,
Tempore et expleto, convenit ut redeas.
Haud aliter servus, longas legatus in oras
Qui, domini, rediit, jam revocante domum.
Nuncius Americorum hic tristes pervolat oras,
"Nisbet mortuus! Heu! doctus et ille perit!"
Mentibus, ore, oculis, Studiosi (Academia plorat)
Nisbet nunc quærunt auxilio ut subeat!
Nisbet namque docens, vestigia, quæ sua, pressit;
Non aliena sequens; legit at ille sua.
Nisbet eos docuit falso secernere verum,
Atque domique foris sedulus officio.
Nisbet eos docuit rerum cognoscere causas;
Nisbet et instituit quærere vera bona.
O quoties, præco pandis cum themata sacra,
"Vivito" dixi "nec sit brevis hora tua;
"O felix, sortita Hunc, fausta Columbia, tellus!
"Vivito Nisbet! nec mors fera Te rapiat!"
'Fidite ne vestris; heu! vana opera omnia,' dixit,
'Confugite ad JESUM, vita in eoque salus.'
Vivere si licuisset nunc, o si! frueremur
Voce tua, aspectu, consilioque pio.
O utinam vixisses! omnia namque videntur
Rapta simul Tecum, votaque nostra jacent!
Cecropidæ Anytique reum flebantque Platona,
Nisbet, Te Juvenes non secus atque gement!
Vivet in æternum virtus tua, nulla vetustas
Delebit famam, conspicuumque decus.
De patriaque tua fors si certabitur olim,
Te volet esse suum hæc, illaque et esse suum.
Nulla ætasque futura tacebit nomina Nisbet,
Per terrarum orbem clara, negata mori.

Coll. Franklin. Lancastriæ, Kall. Mar. 1804.

EPIGRAMS.

By favouring wit, Mæcenas purchased fame;
Virgil's own work immortalized his name:
A double share of fame is Dorset's due;
At once the patron and the poet too.

The effeminate.

While nature Mollis' clay was blending,
Uncertain what the thing should end in,
Whether a female or a male,
A *pin* dropt in, and turn'd the scale.

A swarm of sparks young, gay, and bold,
Lov'd Sylvia long, but she was cold;
Interest and pride the nymph control'd,
So they in vain their passion told.
At last came *Dulman*, very old,
Nay, very ugly; but had gold.
He came, and saw, and took the hold,
While brother beaux their loss condol'd;
Some say she 's wed, I say *she 's sold.*

Epigram by Scultetus on a bad Poet.

Emendem haud multis libi carmina factu lituris
Pro nostra rogitas, Candide, amiciliar.
Quid faciam res ipsa obstat; lamer ut tua jussa
Servarem, factum est; una litura modeste.

IMITATED.

You wish me to correct your lines,
With as few blots as well can be;
Good friend, I 've follow'd your designs,
Only one blot is made by me,
But 'tis so large I must confess,
It covers all your fine M. S.

The unintentional sarcasm.

Joan vows, to hearten timorous youth,
She ne'er saw ghost, nothing uncivil,
Worse than *herself*—tho' once, in truth,
Joan really thinks she saw *the Devil.*

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